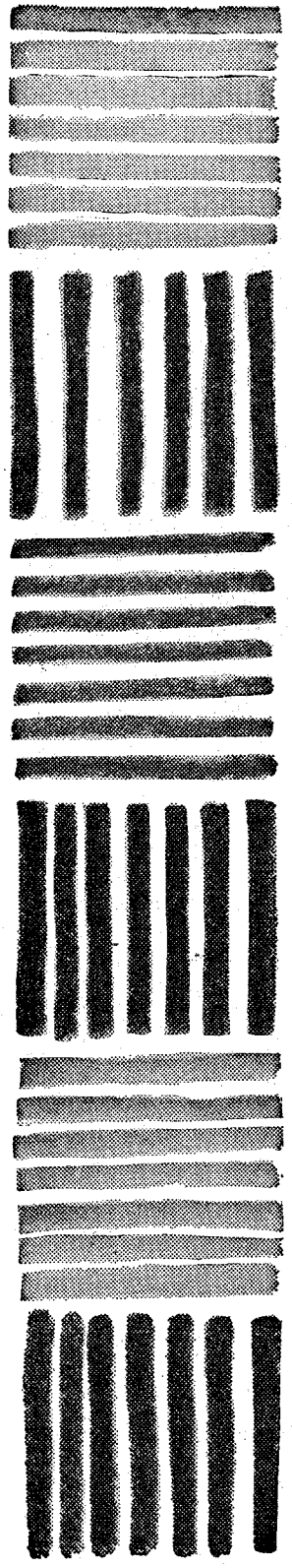
THE
NATION

March 16, 1963 . . 25c



The Senate Establishment

James McCartney

Cuba

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CRITICS

William Appleman Williams

European Fiction

Some Forms Offshore

Hortense Calisher

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LETTERS

Puzzler Lewis responds

Greenbelt, Md.

Dear Sirs: My thanks to Ernest Hochschild, who pointed out the millenarian Crossword in his jubilee letter (March 2), and to the others of the faithful who have been hounds to my hare for so long. But, to set the record straight, I can take blame only for the last 800 or so, leaving credit for the first 200 to my predecessor, Jack Barrett. Hope remains that four years hence the pack will not have given up the chase, and the scent will not be too stale, so that some of us can celebrate "the 1,000th"—albeit on a less noteworthy puzzle number.

Frank W. Lewis

Tax-cut proposal

Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: George T. Altman's article, "The Tax-Cut Mirage," in your February 16 issue, contains one minor and one major flaw.

Mr. Altman argues, correctly I believe, that public discussion of the Administration's proposed tax-cut bill underestimates the extent to which the proposed cuts would favor upper-income groups. The author argues that the correct way to evaluate the distributive effects of the bill is to analyze the changes in disposable (after-tax) income which would result from the proposed rate changes. But the attorney in Mr. Altman shows when he frames his arguments in terms of existing statutory rates. As is well known, loopholes in the law make it unnecessary for many, especially in the upper-income brackets, to pay the full statutory rates.

It is probably true that most of the public believes that tax rates on upper incomes, with a maximum marginal rate of 91 per cent, are too high; it is probably true, also, that the taxes actually paid by upper-income groups are far less than the public widely believes to be paid. Any reduction in upper-income rates should be accompanied, then, by measures to narrow the gap between statutory and effective rates, something the Administration's tax *reform* bill is commendably designed to do.

A more serious flaw is reflected in this statement made by Mr. Altman: "The President's tax proposal contains a built-in budget deficit of over $10 billion. Prices of food, clothes and other standard items for which almost all of the take-home pay of most people is spent should be expected to rise as a result. The rise will probably be enough to wipe out the small gain in take-home pay resulting from the tax cut."

Thus Mr. Altman swallows the "know-nothing" argument that deficits in the federal budget are necessarily inflationary. Deficits are expansionary, and under full-employment conditions, expansion can be inflationary. But we do not today enjoy full-employment conditions; and in fact, unemployment has remained above 5 per cent of the labor force for more than five years. This is a serious matter, and should not be obscured through Mr. Altman's efforts to make debating points about the distributive effect of the tax bill. The quoted statement needlessly detracts from the valid central theme of Mr. Altman's article.

A. Dale Tussing
Dept. of Economics, Syracuse U.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Recently I attended an annual meeting of Phi Beta Kappa here, and had the opportunity to discuss the question raised by Mr. Tussing with several of the economics professors who were present. They assured me that my position was sound.

They expressed the view that if the excess expenditures of the federal government represented by the budget deficit went into production of such mass-consumer items as rental units, food and clothes, so that the production of those items would be balanced by the increased demand resulting from the expenditures, then there would be no inflationary effect. However, they pointed out that the expenditures would not be so directed, so that in fact there would be inflationary effects.

They pointed out to me also that the high level of unemployment is largely a result of bottlenecks which those excess expenditures would not cure. For example, there is a shortage of skilled labor and an excess of unskilled and semi-skilled. This results from the increased requirements of skill due to mechanization. This bottleneck is being aggravated, not relieved, by the actual expenditures which the federal government makes.

The result is that we do have full employment from the standpoint of the classes of employment required in present-day production. On that basis Mr. Tussing, by his own argument, would have to agree with my position.

George T. Altman

Lawyers' fault

Central Bridge, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: The article, "Malpractice Suits: Can the Patient Recover?" by Richard H. Blum in your Feb. 16 issue is not funny. . . . Lawyers should and could refuse to take a case that is obviously without merit. By doing otherwise, they not only steal their clients' money, but cause untold misery to the opponents even if the latter win. . . .

Wilhelm Moser, M.D.

It should be pointed out that Mr. Blum shares Dr. Moser's distaste for malpractice suits. The last sentence of Mr. Blum's article, which was accidentally omitted from the version as printed, read: "We must . . . regret that litigation, for no lawsuit has either a good beginning or a happy ending."—EDITORS.

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The Nation, Mar. 16, 1963. Vol. 196, No. 11

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required; supply old address as well as new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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Welcome Aboard

When *The Nation* has printed editorials, articles and special issues on the thesis that military spending in the United States is oriented less toward defense strategy than toward regional and corporate profit, hands have been raised in horror. A good many of these hands have been those of defense contractors, their representatives in Congress and the politically credulous; on the other hand, General Eisenhower, on leaving office, practically confirmed what *The Nation* had been saying before he came to the Presidency. Also, as another President said, you can't fool all the people all the time, nor can all the news weeklies fool themselves and the people indefinitely. Comes now *U.S. News & World Report* (March 11) with a jeremiad on "Space and Defense—A Big Industry with Problems," from which it appears that the country has even bigger problems. "Is the defense industry now so vast," *U.S. News & World Report* asks, [that] "it's out of control, exerting too much influence?" The answer is: even so.

The business of supplying the military, atomic and space agencies is beset by "monopsony"—a state in which a number of sellers compete for the business of a single buyer. No matter how much the government can absorb in military and space research and hardware, eventually a limit is reached. This is when the real trouble begins. Not only is there regional conflict for procurement contracts, but the contractors begin to fight among themselves. Even the biggest don't get enough; in fact, the bigger they are, the harder they may be hit by a contract cancellation or by failure to get a contract that they had counted on. Under these conditions, anyone who expects the corporations to compete under Queensberry rules must also believe that weasels take care of chickens.

In the real world, "influence" plays an increasing role in the award of the juiciest contracts. (This is *U.S. News & World Report* speaking; *The Nation* is only repeating it.) Millions may be spent in preparing a major defense contract, all or part of which is disbursed by the corporation. (The government sometimes helps out.) The bid may be the low one and the design may be meritorious. But the contract may go to another company on the basis of considerations "known only to some high official in a Government office."

A current instance is the supersonic TFX fighter-bomber, a joint Air Force-Navy aircraft of advanced design. As much as $6.5 billion may eventually be spent. General Dynamics Corp., backed up by Grumman Aircraft, a company experienced in building airplanes for the Navy, won out over Boeing, basically an Air Force supplier. Boeing is sore as the devil and the matter is being probed by Senator McClellan's Investigations subcommittee—unfortunately, behind closed doors. The plane has been referred to as the "LBJ"—an allusion to the fact that General Dynamics proposed to build it in Texas. This may be pure slander. The fact is that Secretary McNamara made the decision, and the Boeing design was based on a General Electric engine which was only on the drawing boards. But it shows how Washington is thinking and, with such a rising cloud of smoke, there must be fire, and plenty of it.

Let the investigations continue, and let the debris —these are not chips—fall where they may. If the military-industrial complex is ever thoroughly investigated, the great Congressional munitions-industry probes of yesteryear will look like a board of village selectmen probing a parking-meter contract.

Shelve It!

If you can't do it well, says the copybook maxim, don't do it at all. It might have been composed for President Kennedy's tax-cut proposal, which has grown progressively—or should one say retrogressively?—worse as it hung fire. As it is now shaping up, new objections are being added to the old ones.

The Kennedy tax cut will further unbalance the budget while giving the small taxpayer no relief worth mentioning, and very little to the middle-bracket taxpayer. It would benefit those who need it least. The sufferings of the wealthy individual taxpayers will not move anyone to tears, and the idea that the savings which will accrue to them, promptly and wisely invested, will send a warm glow through the economy is of very limited plausibility. The taxpayers who will benefit most are the corporations. Their tax liability will be reduced, in two steps, from 52 to 47 per cent. This means something only if a corporation is already so large and wealthy that 5 per cent runs up into the millions or tens of millions. The businessman who is breaking even or making a nominal profit will not benefit. On the other hand, why should General Motors be given relief at this juncture?

The Nation, lined up in this instance with Representative Wilbur Mills, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, is not averse to a tax cut, provided it is coupled with a substantial measure of tax reform. The abuses in the federal tax system were, and are, more flagrant than its exactions. The tax bite could be safely reduced if reform brought about a more equitable sharing of the burden. It is essential that reform should have priority. Instead, in as maladroit a piece of politicking as recent history discloses, the President threw in the towel on reform before the delegates of the American Bankers Association. Then he tried to climb into the ring and get the towel back, but it was too late. The bankers are not deaf; they heard him. So did the rest of the country.

If a tax cut sans reform passes, the poor, who are

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getting more numerous and in many cases individually poorer, will be ground more harshly between the millstones of "defense" and lower federal revenues. Military expenditures will never be reduced; they are sacred. There will be pressure for cuts in expenditures for whatever is conducive to public welfare and national progress. The existing imbalance will be aggravated. Mr. Kennedy holds out the prospect of higher revenues as a result of the cuts in the high individual and corporate categories. But this is as speculative as a share in a Canadian gold mine.

The President has no one to blame but himself. He suffers from a seemingly ineradicable penchant for public-relations gimmicks and gadgetry. These show up the more glaringly when the objective is disingenuous and confused. The present tax-cut proposal is such an instance.

The Heart of the Matter

Recommended reading for President Kennedy is a 3,000-word pastoral letter by Archbishop Lawrence J. Shehan of Baltimore, spiritual leader of 430,000 Maryland Roman Catholics, officially banning racial discrimination in the archdiocese. Archbishop Shehan quotes from the statement of the bishops in November, 1958: "The heart of the race question is moral and religious." If we love our fellow man and respect his rights, then legal, educational, economic and social adjustments can be made. But if our hearts are poisoned by hatred, or if we are merely indifferent to the rights of others, then, said the bishops, a grave internal crisis faces the nation. Five years later, the crisis is worsening steadily and ominously. Such efforts as the President and the Attorney General have made have been inadequate, and this applies to the President's latest pronouncement as well as to his earlier words and actions.

Archbishop Shehan is far from satisfied with the Catholic record in integration, although anyone can see that the Catholic bishops have generally been more insistent on racial progress than their Protestant brethren. He points out that even in his own see, the oldest and most venerable in the United States, some Catholic legislators failed to support equal-accommodations legislation. Archbishop Shehan makes no exceptions in his exhortation. Regardless of race or color, all men are made in God's image and all must be treated alike. They must not only be equal before the law and equal politically, but in their daily lives they must be as free from humiliation and handicap as other citizens. Justice and charity are not abstract virtues: they are to be applied from day to day, guiding us "in our personal relationships—within our block, our neighborhood, our community; in our social and fraternal organizations; in the business we may conduct; in the labor unions to which we may belong; at work and at play; in all the circumstances of everyday life."

In this centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation, it has remained for a Catholic prelate to say resolutely and eloquently what should have been said by the President of the United States. Some will argue that it is easier to call for justice in a pastoral letter than to establish it among men, a fact of which Archbishop Shehan is perfectly aware. He remarks that the grave social problems which have arisen cannot be suddenly wiped out. But these problems can never be solved by a phlegmatic and leisurely approach—the result of failure to understand that absolute moral and religious imperatives are involved. The President's record on church-state relations is impeccable, but in this particular area one might hope that he would give greater heed to the example and pronouncements of the Catholic Church.

Paradoxes of a News Strike

Except that the *Post* resumed publication on March 4, the City of New York has been without its regular newspapers for three months. Whatever the outcome of the strike *cum* lockout, some interesting sociological data have been accumulated. One is that a majority of New Yorkers don't really give a damn about news, although they are served, in normal times, by some of the best news purveyors in the country. The editors of *Maclean's*, the Canadian magazine, after reading in the press outside of New York that businessmen there were jumping out of windows, the city was a cultural desert, and the citizens were becoming schizophrenic, dispatched a reporter to view the devastation. He was astonished to discover that, aside from a few specialties, e.g., funeral wreaths, the adverse effect on business was slight. What the people missed was newspaper entertainment—crossword puzzles, comics, sports stories and commentaries, murders and the obituaries. The public also lacked some informational conveniences, such as TV programs, movie timetables and market reports. But on the whole, although the erstwhile readers resented the absence of newspapers, they were getting along.

This was just as well, for no one really cared about the suffering which they were supposed to be undergoing. One of the stopgap newspapers which sprang up tried to get wire service from the press associations. Not one of them, from the Chicago Daily News Service to Reuters, would give him a line of type. Some were willing to furnish service on a yearly contract basis, but none was sufficiently concerned about the intellectual deprivation of ten or twelve million people to offer emergency help.

Another sidelight was the fact that no plausible scapegoat for the news blackout could be found. To be sure, one was nominated and elected by acclamation, the President himself joining in the hue and cry. The sacrificial victim was Bertram A. Powers, the president of Local No. 6 of the Typographers. Momentarily, he became the Jimmy Hoffa of the industry, but the designation failed to stick when, partly through television, it got around that Powers was a civilized, thoughtful labor leader who ran a union of the most distinguished integrity, completely democratic in its internal workings and never touched by the breath of scandal. Nor could the employers be

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shouldered with all the blame. Although the fact does not always manifest itself in their product, they are certainly among the best informed and most intelligent industrialists in the country. It was simply that all concerned were caught in a situation, created by the free-enterprise system and the rise of automation, for which there was no easy solution.

If no mobs marched on the newspaper or union offices, neither did the big advertisers rise in their wrath and expel the publishers from their clubs. The only pressure on the parties was economic. And that was not enough—nor has it been enough in other cities. The Cleveland strike has lasted much longer than the one in New York, as did the strike in Minneapolis; while in Portland, Oregon, although the newspapers have continued to publish, the employees have been on strike for three years.

The New York news blackout will end some time, perhaps before this editorial appears, perhaps not until men set foot on the moon (although the first is more likely than the second). But it does not lend itself to any easy conclusions, except this one: neither the pressure of public opinion nor the pressure of advertisers has proved adequate to force a settlement of newspaper strikes. The parties are on their own.

From Six to Twenty

In 1961, six courageous members of Congress voted against appropriations for HUAC (James Roosevelt, Calif.; Robert Kastenmeier, Wis.; William Fitts Ryan, N.Y.; Thomas Ashley, O.; Edith Green, Ore.; and Barratt O'Hara, Ill.). This year fourteen new recruits joined the original six: John Dingell, Mich.; Robert Duncan, Ore.; W. Donlon Edwards, Calif.; Leonard Farbstein, N.Y.; Donald Fraser, Minn.; Thomas Gill, Hawaii; Benjamin Rosenthal, N.Y.; Edward Roybal, Calif.; Neil Staebler, Mich.; George Brown, Calif.; Charles Diggs, Mich.; Henry Gonzalez, Tex.; Lucien Nedsi, Mich., and Abraham Multer, N.Y. Between 1950 and this year's vote, there were never more than twelve votes against HUAC; in the period prior to 1949, the opposition ranged from thirty-five to 186. Opposition to the committee is, in part, a barometer of cold-war tensions. But there has always been a large potential vote against it in Congress; the problem has been to bring it forth, and this implies organization and leadership.

The current and immediate need is for more city and community councils against the Un-American Activities Committee of the type that did such effective work this year in Milwaukee. There is also a great need for more effective liaison between local anti-HUAC groups, wherever they may be, and the Congressmen who are willing to lead a fight against the committee in Washington. The fact is that the opponents of HUAC have yet to show, by and large, the aggressiveness and close coordination that have characterized its supporters through the years.

By 1964, it should be possible to mount a truly impressive opposition in Congress. Popular opposition is growing and is being stimulated by some fine documents, the most recent of which is *A Quarter Century of Un-Americana*, a cartoon history of HUAC edited by Charlotte Pomerantz. The strong latent opposition to HUAC will bear fruit only in the measure that it is given organization and leadership.

THE SENATE ESTABLISHMENT

James McCartney

Washington

Early this month, Senator Joseph Clark, the studious, liberal Democrat from Pennsylvania, astonished his fellow Senators by opening a speech with these words: "Mr. President, I desire to address the Senate on the subject of the Senate Establishment and how it operates." For, of course, the one subject that by unspoken rule is taboo in this most exclusive club in the world is the power structure of the club itself, or the impugning, no matter how indirectly, of the motivations of any of its members.

Senator Clark's remarkable speech deserves the closest attention of all those who tend to confuse the *forms* with the *substance* of democratic government. In sum, Clark charged that the Senate as a whole was a virtual prisoner of about twelve of its members—eight Democrats and four Republicans—who, by virtue of seniority and their alliances with essentially conservative interests, can direct legislation by rigging committees and by the control they can exert over the destinies of individual Senators. These dozen men constitute, in Senator Clark's phrase, the "Senate Establishment"—and its power became dramatically evident even as the Senator was attacking it.

A few days earlier, it had become apparent that the Establishment had seen fit to deprive a raft of liberal Senators of important committee assignments to which they were clearly entitled. Yet so great was the victims' fear of further punishment that not one of them had dared to complain publicly. Nor, with two exceptions, was this silence broken when Clark made his speech: only William Proxmire (D., Wis.) and Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) had the temerity to agree openly with their colleague from Pennsylvania.

Clark elaborated his thesis for three days, off and on. At no time did he attempt to list completely the members of the Establishment by name and rank. But some of his research aides, together with aides of other liberal Senators, have pieced together a reasonable version of the membership and made a number of illuminating points concerning this *ex-officio* "in-group."

For example, they say that Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, theoretically the most powerful figure in the Senate, may not be a member, although he is often a spokesman for it. On the other hand

James McCartney is in the Washington Bureau of the Chicago Daily News.

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the Minority Leader, Everett Dirksen of Illinois, is definitely a member, even though he has only half as many Republicans to "lead" as Mansfield has Democrats. Moreover, two men who are not even Senators and who are almost unknown outside of Washington, are considered by some observers to be members: Robert Baker, secretary to the Democratic majority, and Mark Trice, who holds the comparable job for the Republicans.

Mr. Clark's description of the Senate Establishment at work began with a general summary of its significance and *modus operandi:*

The Senate Establishment is almost the antithesis of democracy. It is not selected by any democratic process. It appears to be quite unresponsive to the caucuses of the two parties, be they Republican or Democratic.

It is what might be called a self-perpetuating oligarchy with mild, but only mild, overtones of plutocracy. The way it operates is something like this:

There are a number of states, most of them Democratic, but one or two of them Republican, which inevitably and always return to the U.S. Senate members of one party, and under a custom which has grown up over the years of following the rule of seniority in making committee assignments, and in connection with the distribution of other perquisites of Senate tenure, the result has been that those who have been here longest have become chairmen of committees.

As such, they have exercised virtual control over the distribution of favors, including committee assignments and other perquisites of office in the Senate and largely . . . determine who shall be selected to posts of leadership in this body.

The point is hardly new that conservatives, most of them Southerners with seniority, dominate the Senate, but Clark brought the mathematics of their power up to date. Of the Senate's hundred members, 67 today are Democrats and 33 are Republicans. Of the Democrats, 23 are from the South (the 11 states of the old confederacy plus Oklahoma and Arkansas). The hard-core Southerners, in other words, make up 34 per cent of the Democratic bloc. But on the vital Appropriations Committee, for example, they hold 50 per cent of the Democratic seats; on the Armed Services Committee, 42 per cent; on the important Foreign Relations Committee, 42 per cent; on the Democratic Steering Committee (which selects other committee members), 47 per cent.

In this session of Congress especially, no body is more important than the Senate Finance Committee, which will handle President Kennedy's top-priority legislative items—his tax-cut program as well as medicare. Thus a battle has been waged over the committee's composition, and the winners are now more than clear: the Southerners wind up with 6 out of the 11 Democratic members for a representation of 55 per cent.

Senator Clark had sought to get the committee enlarged in order to give the President's programs a better chance. The justification for his attempt was mathematical. There have been 11 Democrats and 6 Republicans on the committee and, according to Clark's theory, the Democrats—outnumbering the Republicans in the Senate by 2 to 1—should be entitled to at least a 2 to 1 ratio on the committee. He proposed that the ratio be 12 to 6 or 14 to 7, or any one of several other combinations which would have reflected the party balance of the Senate as a whole. But it was not to be. The Establishment was able not only to maintain the present inequitable ratio, but to deliver another blow at the liberals by appointing to the committee Senator Dirksen to replace the late Senator Robert Kerr (D., Okla.), oil man and frequent spokesman for business interests.

Senator Mansfield supported Clark's proposal. But by his own admission on the Senate floor, the Majority Leader could line up only 40 to 42 votes in favor. The point was that neither the Republicans nor the Southerners would "buy" the proposal, and Mansfield must have help from one group or the other or he gets nowhere. He got nowhere, clearly exposing the deficiencies of the official and formal Democratic leadership's position.

Clark emphasized that a key instrument of the Establishment is the Democratic Steering Committee. In a careful analysis, he showed that 9 of its 15 members are Southerners and conservatives and only 6 might be called liberals, in spite of the fact that Democratic liberals actually outnumber conservatives in the Senate. Stated the Senator:

I suggest in all candor that the Steering Committee does not fairly represent either the geography or the ideology of the Democratic members of the Senate. . . . Whom does the Steering Committee of the Democratic Party represent? It represents the Democratic side of the Establishment.

And how does the Steering Committee wield its power? Clark produced an analysis of committee appointments in an effort to indicate possible motivations, although he refrained from drawing conclusions. His analysis suggested a relationship between votes by non-freshman Senators on the filibuster issue and the degree to which the Democratic Senators received their requested committee assignments from the Steering Committee. Six of eight Senators who voted with the South on the issue got their first choice of committee; only one who voted against the South got his first choice—and that was the Majority Leader, who traditionally can go to any committee he wants.

The role of the Republicans in the Establishment should not be overlooked.

The senior ranking members of the minority party are a part of the Establishment [said Clark] *and they, in conference—usually informal, always friendly—with their colleagues on the other side of the aisle pretty well decide who is going to do what to whom. That is what is happening in the Senate today.*

Who are the actual members of the Establishment? There is a considerable amount of friendly disagreement among Senate liberals on just how powerful a number of individuals are, but there is wide agreement on the key figures. The following list of eight Democrats and four Republicans is based largely on the judgment of Clark and his aides.

The most powerful figure of all is Senator Richard Russell (D., Ga.). Among the Democrats, the number two man is probably Senator Lister Hill, of Alabama. Other Democratic members are Senators George Smathers of Florida, the close personal friend of President Kennedy; Carl Hayden of Arizona, John McClellan of Arkansas, Allen Ellender of Louisiana, John Stennis of Mississippi and, perhaps, Harry Byrd of Virginia (although his in-

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fluence has declined with his advancing years).

Heading the GOP membership is Dirksen, whom Clark terms "the champion of the Republican Establishment." The other Republicans are Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa, Norris Cotton of New Hampshire and, perhaps, Carl Curtis of Nebraska.

The significance of all this, as far as Clark is concerned, is what the Establishment has been doing to President Kennedy's programs. A large majority of the current Congress could be considered basically progressive, according to Clark. After all, a majority of Congressmen supported the Democratic platform adopted at the Los Angeles Convention in 1960—the platform on which President Kennedy won office. Then Clark added:

We now stand at the beginning of the third session of what might be called a Kennedy Congress, but actually it is not a Kennedy Congress. . . . The principal reason . . . so far as the Senate is concerned, is, in my opinion, that we are operating under archaic, obsolete rules, customs, manners, procedures and traditions—and because the operation under those obsolete and archaic setups is controlled by this oligarchical Senate Establishment, a major part of the members of which, by and large, are opposed to the program of the President. . . .

The two-thirds majority of the Democratic Senators who are Kennedy men, and therefore liberals, and therefore want to get the country moving again, and therefore believe in the inevitability of change, are represented sparsely, if at all, in the Senate Establishment.

Senator Paul Douglas noted:

The Democratic Party wins its Presidential elections by the votes of the great industrial states. It wins those elections on platforms which are believed in by the voters and which pledge to carry out legislative programs which will be in the interest of the great masses of the American people; namely, the wage earners, the small farmers, the white-collar workers, the small businessmen, the housewives and the consumers.

That is how we win our Presidential elections. Then the Congress convenes, and we are not able to pass any considerable portion of the program upon which we have gone to the country.

We find that the machinery of the Senate, and I think largely of the House, is in the hands of those who fundamentally do not believe in the program by which the Presidential election was won and for which the great mass of voters in the country cast their ballots.

One may well ask: Why did Clark, after seven years of relative silence on the subject, decide that 1963 was the time to start talking publicly about the Establishment? The answer offers some encouragement to liberals, if not for this year, then for the future. For Clark's underlying motivation was the belief that the time is coming when the Establishment can be overthrown.*

Clark's message to the liberals, in other words, is one of hope, in spite of many disappointments and disillusionments — some of them with the Kennedy Administration itself—in recent years. His theory is that the voters, beginning especially in the off-year Congressional elections of 1958, clearly expressed themselves as supporting an essentially liberal approach to legislation. Conservatives, however, by controlling Senate machinery, have seen to it that the wishes of the voters haven't been turned into legislation. Now, Clark believes, the conservative Establishment that runs the Senate is on the ropes, or at least close to it. The Establishment has already lost control of some committees and, inevitably, in the years to come, will lose control of more as the number of liberally inclined votes grows.

Watching the Senate in operation now, one hardly gets the impression that the liberals are about ready to take over. Liberals like Clark, Douglas, Proxmire, Albert Gore of Tennessee, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Wayne Morse of Oregon and Phil Hart of Michigan are clearly not members of the Establishment. Douglas, for example, in spite of the fact that there is a Democrat in the White House, clearly has less influence in the Senate than his fellow Senator from Illinois, Dirksen—even though Dirksen represents the party out of power. The White House recognized this all but formally last year when, over Douglas' strong objections, it gave a friend of Dirksen's an Illinois federal judgeship.

The fact is that some of the pragmatic operators on the White House staff—who have a tendency to value pure political muscle over principle—privately joke about some of the fruitless efforts of the liberals in Congress.

The White House group, for example, had a vast respect for the late Senator Kerr, a thoroughgoing pragmatist. And the White House tends to admire the work of such as the secretary to the majority, Robert Baker, a friend of Lyndon Johnson's. Asked why the White House seemed to like to deal with Baker more than with some of the Senate liberals, one Presidential aide put it bluntly: "He can count." The statement meant that Baker respected votes in the Senate—respected practical possibilities. The liberals, in the view of the White House, often waste their time tilting at windmills.

The underlying question posed by Senator Clark, then, is one that the White House itself might ponder. Clark is saying that the liberals actually have political muscle at the polls—where it counts in Presidential elections. They just haven't been able to defeat the powers of the Establishment in the Senate to put that muscle to work.

We are playing [as Clark put it] *with a stacked deck. The deck is stacked against the President of the United States and I want to shuffle that deck so that in the end the President of the United States will have his fair share of trumps and we can play the game with an honest deck of cards.*

The task may prove easier in the lower House, through reapportionment. Will Maslow will be writing on this subject in a forthcoming issue. —Ed.

"What does he think this is—a legislative body?"

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Kassem's Legacy . . . . . Desmond Stewart

Cairo

Abdul Karim Kassem ruled Iraq from the Ministry of Defense for four and a half years. His name will vanish from common memory in a few weeks, and even in Iraq there will be few monuments to his indecisive tyranny. His death lacked dignity. Yet though few tears are shed for a man whose loyalties were obscure and whose treacheries were evident, he was an arresting individual and the country which he left to a decisively Nationalist regime is second only to Egypt in Mideast power-politics.

The first time I met Kassem, the individual, was in 1950 when, hard up, I was introduced by the director of the Baghdad British Institute to an officer who needed to improve his English before going on a military course in Britain. Kassem, then a colonel, used to visit me every day before lunch in the River Front Hotel. We would drink beer or coffee on a scraggy lawn, rushed over by cats, confronting the Tigris. In metallic palms on the west bank was the villa of Nouri Said, the semi-permanent dictator whose mutilated remains were finally crushed, in July 1958, "to the thinness of *basturma*," an Iraqi friend told me, referring to a raw sausage meat popular in Baghdad. Kassem and I did not study very hard. I would be tired from lectures at the "university": I put quotation marks because it was a symptom of the Iraqi malaise that after thirty years of nominal independence Iraq's colleges still lacked university status, each government passing the problem to its successor.

Kassem's impressive feature was his eyes: staring, bright, impersonal. But the things I remember were the lobes of his slim ears, pierced for earrings, as was the custom among the unkillable, robust children rolling in the dust of impoverished alleys. At the end of a month's lessons, I felt no closer to my polite visitor than at the start. This too is memorable. Most Iraqis had a rugged bonhomie, a friendliness and warmth, smeared by little intellectual curiosity or even awareness, which could establish a friendly, if superficial, rapport with any stranger of good will. You would certainly be on to such topics as sex and politics at the second meeting. The favorite magazine on Iraqi bookstalls was called *Sexology*; the favorite Aunt Sally for political discussion was Nouri Said and his pro-Western policy. Kassem was guarded about politics and it was as unthinkable to discuss sex with this high-voiced, primly neat officer as with—I intended to say, a female cousin of a certain age, but into mind comes a male relative of my mother's, naval, affable, with whom my sisters and myself, when we were young, found it literally impossible to converse: polite nothingnesses, no opening of the heart. I have known an English diplomat in the same mold; his career crumbled in tragedy.

At the end of the lessons Kassem made me a disagreeable compliment. I expected to be paid; I was not; he considered me a friend, and instead of paying me $100 or so, he invited me to spend an evening with him.

The evening was one of the most surprising of my life. As the cruel sun sank at last behind slums and palm trees, John Haylock and I were driven to the river bank some way north of Baghdad prison. On the mud, a summer hut had been erected of straw mats, lit by electricity brought down through a melon patch from a nearby house. At first we merely drank, smiled, drank. A pyknic, extrovert officer spoke about *araq*: "The milk of the tiger—ten times stronger than whisky—*araq*, Iraq, the same root —like dates, wonderful for night work" (this last phrase was a euphemism for sexual prowess). Another officer broke in: "Not only dates, everything is thrown into *araq*, even a dead rat or two, for piquancy." (This was Abdul Karim Jedda, head of the military police under Kassem, and killed by the new revolutionaries along with the Unique Leader.)

The vaunted fluid tasted in fact like furniture polish.

About midnight all of us were tiger-ridden.

Kassem clapped his hands. His driver ran down the bank. "Go you with two other drivers and bring every black man you can find in the streets."

An hour later, the three cars came back. A shoeblack, a soldier, a pimp, a nut-vendor, a respectable student, all were set down on the earth floor, each with a glass of tiger's milk. Drums made of pottery were handed out, a flute, a stringed instrument called an *ood*.

"Play!" commanded Kassem.

They struck the membranes, the flute complained, the *ood* strummed to life as its player took fire from the drink. It was Arabic music, but with Africa in it. From Sinbad's Basra, from slave-marriages, these hastily recruited musicians, strangers to each other, spanned the world; Haiti, even New York, were fragmentarily with us. The rest of the evening is a fogged kaleidoscope: Kassem's grin, the dancing bodies of beefy, undressing officers, swaying arms linked in a *debka*, a huge moon swimming just above my head by the Tigris mud.

When I heard, in July, 1958, that forty years of abortive, persistent, unsuccessful plots had culminated in a successful revolution, and that Kassem was one of the leaders, I remembered this party. It had shown two qualities that Iraqis usually lacked: organization and ingenuity.

Kassem's ingenuity in retaining power was to baffle other Arabs. Latterly he ruled without the support of any section of public opinion, though the Communists rallied to his support, and their own destruction, on the 8th of February. The *émigrés* in Cairo long attributed his success to British support. When I went back to Baghdad two months after Kassem's coming to power, the British were stunned by the cataclysm: their embassy burnt, their puppet dynasty shot to death at the shaving hour of a July morning, their Baghdad Pact without its capital, an apparatus of stooges and convinced friends shattered to pieces. The one diplomat who had foreseen something of the storm said to me: "In Nouri's last phase, our Ambassador behaved as constitutionally as the Ambassador of

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Sweden, while maintaining the panoply of a High Commissioner. We should either have interfered, as the Iraqis believed we did anyway, and have insisted on King Feisal's exiling his uncle and bringing in new blood, or we should have cut down the panoply. As it was, we had all the unpopularity, and none of the power."

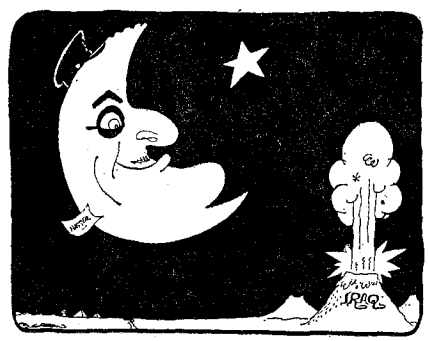
The diplomat should have added: for Iraq to remain stable, it was essential that its foreign policy should not be overtly pro-Western, at least not in the sense of being anti-Egyptian. Resentment of Nasser has been so pathological in some English cerebra that support has been given to anyone, regicide, Communist or reactionary Imam, who would oppose him. So it is possible that when the British recovered from the shock of Kassem's rise to power, his evident antagonism to Nasser gave them reason to offer him some support. But Kassem's success was due much more to the way in which he exploited the rifts in a complex society.

"Iraq has returned to Arabism," is a common Cairo comment on the new situation today. Iraq's Arabism is always vulnerable. Half of those who speak Arabic in Iraq are Shiites, fellow-sectarians with the Persians; to them the Orthodox Sunnites have been, in the past, what the Protestants have been to the southern Irish. Iraq also has important minorities, the most considerable of which are the Kurds, who are no more Semitic than the Irish are Anglo-Saxon. There are also many varieties of Christians, some Jews, Sabians who worship water and Yezidis in the Sinjar mountains who honor their Peacock-Angel and detest the color blue.

Yet there is an Iraqi personality, in which a major element is an ambivalence towards Egypt. At one moment, Iraqis look with adoration to their Nilotic sister; at the next, they retreat with jealous indignation to boasts of their own superior sexual virility and national potential. That Iraq is potentially richer than Egypt can blind a people to whom potentiality is often misread as fact.

In 1958, Kassem swore an oath with Abdul Salam Aref, now President of Iraq, that the aim of the revolution was to link Iraq with Egypt. In 1963's dramatic last interview between Kassem and Aref, Aref produced the Koran on which this oath had been sworn and accused Kassem of treachery. It was evident even two months after Kassem's rise to power in 1958 that he was, in fact, reneging on this oath. He was busy exploiting every provincial tendency which he could use to pit his people against Egypt. At first the commonest ikons were a photographic triptych: Nasser dominating Kassem and Aref. Nasser's portrait was soon removed, or affixed by Kassem's supporter to the body of an ass.

In turning against Nasser, Kassem found ideological allies in the Communists. Whether he was himself a Communist—as was constantly affirmed by the Cairo *émigrés*—I doubt. He was much more an opportunist than a Marxist-Leninist, even though an Arabic translation of the constitution of the Russian Communist Party was found on his desk after his death. But despite his sweet smile and his professions of brotherly love—in his last public speech he appealed to Iraqis to be kinder to animals—Kassem tolerated Mahdawy, President of the infamous People's Court, who was with him at the end. Mahdawy's last words to Kassem, according to one report, were: "Now you can see that I was right in telling you to make Iraq completely Communist." Kassem kept in power by making Iraq completely nothing; he fell from power because he finally had no one on his side except his immediate friends and 600 military police.



Green in Providence Journal

Moon Over Mesopotamia

The violence of the new revolution—far greater than that of July, 1958, though without the public obscenities then committed—was due to two factors. In the first place, the Iraqi Communists were ruthless when they were riding the wave of Kassem's initial support. It is doubtful if Mr. Khrushchev would recognize as kindred spirits the thugs of Kirkuk and Mosul any more than churchmen of today would recognize inquisitors. Kassem himself admitted that the Communist terror in Kirkuk exceeded the still-remembered atrocities of the Mongols. But he failed to punish the criminals, while being ruthless in hanging those Nationalists who wished Iraq to "return to Arabism."

Kassem's second incitement to the present violence was more subtle. In his last phase, when overt brutality was no longer practiced, he so arranged matters that in every office, in every department of state, there would be one Nationalist and one Communist. If you wanted to go abroad, or smuggle money to Beirut, you went either to the Nationalist official, or the Communist, depending on your affiliations. Kassem managed to live up to the pun on his name first pronounced by Nasser: "splitter" of Iraq. Both extremes in the political spectrum realized that if a change came about, it would be war to the death between them.

On the morning of Feb. 8, when Kassem thought that the attacking airplanes belonged to dissident airmen on their way to exile in Egypt, he called on the Communists to rally to him. They did so, and were thus congregated in a convenient form for massacre. Since then a purge more systematic than one would have thought possible in the Arab world (where even brutality is usually easygoing) has been carried through. At least for the moment Iraq is firmly in the control of one faction: the Arab Nationalists.

The slogans of these Nationalists are threefold: Arab unity, socialism and freedom. Innocent-sounding, they contain dynamite which could release the understays of the present Middle Eastern map. They offer no comfort to the secessionist regime in Syria. To a Syrian cable of congratulations, Aref returned a pointed reply wishing the Arab people in Syria a return to Arab unity; at the same time, he named an official delegation to attend the Cairo celebrations of the Fifth Anniversary of the Union between Egypt and Syria; no response could have been more damaging to the Damascus government, already

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shaken by the resignation of six ministers. The new regime in Iraq was hardly more comforting to the kings of Jordan and Saudi Arabia, involved in their attempt to restore the Imamate of Yemen. Although King Hussein might take some comfort in the death of one of the two chief assassins of his cousin King Feisal, he knew that the other was in stronger power, and embarked on a foreign policy ultimately fatal to his own pretensions. The second Iraqi revolution had been greeted with particular enthusiasm by the Palestinians in his kingdom—more than half of the population, and by far the most educated section.

To the West—and in particular to America—the Iraqi revolution was extremely important. While being as decisive a defeat of communism as modern history has to show (and without any intervention from America), it was also a challenge: the young Iraqis were as suspicious of former Western policies as they were of internal communism, and their 28-year-old Foreign Minister announced—while the purges were still going on—that he intended to cultivate the most friendly relations with the Soviet Union.

If Kassem was the splitter of Iraq, Israel has long been regarded by Arab Nationalists as the splitter of the Arabs. To Arabs, the sufferings which inspired both the energy of Zionism and its Western support, were remote; much nearer were their own losses in Palestine—to take one example, the fact that Israel physically divides the eastern Arab world from Egypt and North Africa. The Iraqis, like the Arabs in Egypt and elsewhere, are convinced that Israel was deliberately established by the West in order to weaken permanently the Arab world. They believe that the Zionists—and in particular the present regime in Israel—have consciously accepted this role and have played it up to the hilt, as during the Suez campaign in 1956. To those who wish to solve the basic problems of the Middle East by insufflating them with verbal ectoplasm, the emergence of an Arab Nationalist regime in Iraq can offer no comfort. It strengthens Arab power; it increases the tensions which have existed since Israel was created in 1948.

On the other hand, to those who believe that problems are best solved when most clearly seen, the fall of Kassem is hopeful. If Israel is to survive in any form in the Arab world, it can only do so, not by playing the Iraqis against the Egyptians, but by coming to terms with the new Arab Nationalists. The fact that the Arab Nationalists are also Socialists, more interested in raising living standards than winning glory through war, is, to my mind, a major ground for hope. But if the reaction to increasing Arab unity is simply a new arms race, then the prospect is surly. For the Arabs are an impassioned people and, if threatened, will reply with threats. They are also commercially minded, and as far as the supply of oil goes, their main interest is in finding a market for their petroleum wealth. The managers of the oil companies can sleep more tranquilly than the feudal kings, for whose insurance, if I were an agent, I should demand an enormous premium—much bigger than Israel's.

Strike in the Canadian Woods . . Carl A. Radimer

Montreal

When winter's icy grip clutches Northern Ontario, the area's role in the provincial economy changes. Muskeg bogs, sodden and impassable in summer, freeze solidly, permitting the movement of men and machines; homesteaders put away their land-breaking plows and bring out chain saws; French-Canadian lumbermen come over from neighboring Quebec to reap the forest's bounty; snow roads link isolated logging camps with rail lines, highways and paper mills. Canada's lumber industry, with an annual worth of $500,000,000, sets to work stockpiling the raw materials for another year of manufacturing its greatest export—cellulose.

But this year, on January 15, at the very peak of the logging season, the woods around Kapuskasing, Ontario, fell silent. The familiar snarl of chain saws and French-speaking section bosses was missing. Instead, the town of 7,000 rumbled with the combined muttering of 1,500 striking woodsmen.

Strikes in Canadian primary industry have a tradition of violence but the Kapuskasing walkout showed none at the outset. Involved was a simple contract problem. The previous contract had expired last August and the loggers were working the bush without any sort of agreement with the paper mills. Finally, the loggers quit.

But the area's two major wood consumers, The Spruce Falls Power and Paper Company in Kapuskasing and its subsidiary, the Kimberly-Clark Power and Paper Company at Long Lac, 240 miles away, didn't close operations. About one-quarter of their wood requirements is filled by privately cut timber from Crown land given to settlers as long as they agree to make certain improvements. Each settler is allowed to cut 1,000 cords annually, valued at about $1,500 at current prices. Since the undeveloped, submarginal land making up a good percentage of each settler's allotment yields only a minimum living, the settlers must cut wood to last out the winter.

So the settlers continued to cut while the loggers were on strike.

With idle strikers on one side of the fence and desperate settlers on the other, the situation became increasingly tense. Bands of strikers roamed the highways and rail sidings, dumping settlers' cord wood, intimidating independent truckers and vandalizing equipment. As gangs roamed the highway communities of Moonbeam, Opasatika and Val Rita, mob rule took over. From temporary strike headquarters in the Moonbeam Community Center, organizer Roger Roberts coordinated activities. When a strikers' patrol spotted a farmer's truck, they put out a call for a gang.

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Four hundred men were available immediately; and, if that didn't work, Roberts boasted, a few telephone calls would summon another 600 in a matter of minutes.

The fermenting situation finally boiled over shortly after midnight on the morning of February 11, when a hundred carloads of strikers came upon a group of settlers stacking wood at Reesor's Siding, a windswept rail crossing north of Timmins. The settlers had anticipated trouble and were prepared to defend their property. Beside, a guard of twelve Provincial Police stood the dangerous middle ground.

Suddenly, the strikers charged the thin police lines and were met by the settlers' combined fire power of ten rifles, two shotguns and a revolver. They retreated, leaving three of their union brothers dead and nine more wounded.

It had taken twenty-eight days from the onset of the strike for the Kapuskasing incident to build up to this tragic climax, Canada's worst labor violence since the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919, when North West Mounted Police rode into a crowd of demonstrators and left two dead and many wounded.

Ontario's Attorney General Fred Cass was under fire in the provincial Legislature in Toronto. Why, asked the critics, had the police not been sent in sooner? Immediately, detachments from all over northeastern Ontario streamed along Highway 11 and into the strike-ridden town. Provincial Premier John Robart promised "drastic action" would be taken to restore law and order. Crown Attorney S. A. Calbick was dispatched from Timmins and ordered to review the cases against the nineteen settlers who had been arrested shortly after the Reesor Siding incident and charged with shooting with intent to maim.

In union logging camps throughout the Cochrane district, retaliations against the settlers were being planned. But with the influx of some 230 policemen into the area, things were quiet in Kapuskasing the following day.

The nineteen settlers were released on $500 bail apiece, but as threats of more violence came from strike headquarters, they were rearrested and charged with noncapital murder, a crime carrying a mandatory life sentence under Canadian law. All surrendered within twelve hours. At about the same time, police rounded up 237 strikers on charges of disturbing the peace tumultuously (maximum penalty: two years' imprisonment). These widespread arrests were unprecedented in Ontario legal history and the strikers had to be held in a wartime detention camp, 100 miles to the south.

Public opinion of organized labor was at its lowest ebb at the time. Memories of a violent truckers' strike in Montreal last fall were still fresh in eastern Canadian minds; lost sales due to the newspaper strike in New York were affecting a large segment of the Canadian paper industry; Seaman's International Union head Hal Banks was undergoing Royal Commission investigation in various Great Lakes shipping centers; and recent Teamster organizing in Toronto was still a touchy subject. The logging strikers, members of the Lumber and Sawmill Workers Union (Canadian Congress of Labor) were finding little sympathy for their cause.

The settlers were considered third parties in a dispute that was none of their concern. They had no representatives at any negotiations with the lumber mills, and though they were organized into a group called the Val Rita Co-operative Lumber Company, they were grossly outnumbered by the union loggers. When the union mustered 1,500 demonstrators, the best the settlers could do to publicize their position was an eighty-car cavalcade. Besides, time was against them. Only three of four weeks were left before the spring thaw, when the muskeg reverts to a quagmire and woods operations must stop.

But the provincial Department of Labor and the pulp companies were taking their share of criticism, too. Stephen Stefanovitch, regional director of the parent union, placed the blame squarely on the Labor Department's shoulders. "Had the labor laws been complied with and conciliation boards appointed," he said, "it is quite possible that the dispute would have been resolved." To many Canadians, this argument didn't hold up. Said the *Montreal Star* in a February 13 editorial:

Had the law in all its branches been complied with, it is not only possible but certain that a cowardly mob of strikers would not have tried to enforce compliance with its orders at the expense of a group of settlers. This is the sort of arrogance, played upon by unprincipled leaders, that is coming all too often to make union organization as evil as the injustice that brought it into being.

Before the triple killing, union-management negotiations had been delayed for a number of reasons. First, loggers from the Kapuskasing mill refused to accept the same contract as that drawn up for the Kimberly-Clark employees, who worked under far different conditions. Then the companies claimed they had no reason to deal with the strikers since the strike was illegal —the union, they claimed, had not taken the dispute to a conciliation board. The union said it was unable to do this because no board had been set up. Then, on top of it all, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, parent group of the Lumber and Sawmill Workers Union, called for a Royal Commission to look into the whole situation.

Strikers and settlers, however, were not alone in their suffering. Kapuskasing merchants were experiencing difficult times, too. In the winter, most of their sales are made on credit to be settled when the pulp companies distribute their wood payments. "This year," said one retailer, "we're not too sure we're going to get our money." Some businesses found it necessary to lay off staff. Welfare rolls lengthened as settlers saw the major part of their annual income diminish.

The shock of three deaths, and the bad publicity the whole dispute had created throughout the lumbering areas of Canada, finally resolved differences that had seemed insuperable over the conference table. After a Toronto meeting that lasted almost nineteen nonstop hours, union and management came to an agreement which Labor Minister Leslie Rowntree regarded as the beginning of a new contract.

On Saturday morning, February 16, after a total work stoppage of thirty-one days, the strikers voted 950 to 64 to go back to the bush. But their work force was reduced by three, a heavy price for an agreement that could have been reached through negotiation. And, on the other side of the tracks, scores of settlers set about the backbreaking task of salvaging their wood, with only the prospect of a lean and bleak summer of land-clearing ahead of them.

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Cuba

The President and His Critics . . William A. Williams

Senator Barry Goldwater is an astute commentator on the nineteenth-century political economy. He would have been a superb Gold Democrat. Occasionally, moreover, one of his insights is pertinent to the contemporary scene. Such was happily the case with one of his remarks during a mid-February debate with Senator Mike Mansfield concerning American policy toward Cuba.

"If the Kennedy Administration can be badgered into taking any action against the best interests of the nation," Goldwater thundered, "it has no business in office."

This remark raises several issues that go well beyond the immediate question of how the United States ought to deal with Castro. They are: (1) the nature and location of responsibility in politics; (2) the nature and dynamics of representative government per se; and (3) the issue of who defines the "best interests of the nation," and the consequences of the definition that is acted upon.

On the basis of his performances to date, Goldwater would appear to be concerned in his remark with but the first of these issues. He seems unaware of the other two difficulties, and the interaction among all three. He may, it is true, recognize their existence; but, if so, he resolves the complications by reducing everything to the simple question of the individual's doing what he thinks right. Certainly his record to date indicates a strong propensity to short-circuit reason and responsibility through the reductionist fallacy.

If only this was involved, there would not be too much point in discussing the subject. The Senator has never displayed much thoughtful, positive response to his critics. But much more than Goldwater *is* involved. For one thing, and at the most general level, Goldwater's critics have not given much indication that they understand the issues illuminated by his periodic insights. And, in this specific case, the questions involve some very fundamental aspects of the formulation and conduct of foreign policy in a system of representative government.

As it happens, the story of our nineteenth-century involvement in war with Spain over Cuba offers an episode illustrating these issues very clearly. A review of that history may offer us some guide lines for judging those who badger and those who are badgered, and some help in deciding the most constructive definition of the national interest, in deciding who is to formulate it, and in deciding the responsibility of our national leaders within the framework of that definition.

American citizens did not rise up in a spontaneous and righteous call for action when the Cuban Revolution erupted in February, 1895. Among other things, they were directly and seriously concerned with the economic and social problems of their own major depression. It took the efforts of some very interested individuals and groups, sustained over more than a year, to generate the kind of pressure that forced Congress to go on record in behalf of the rebels.

The prime movers in this campaign of 1895-1896 were the Cuban revolutionaries and their agents in the United States, and various imperial-minded American spokesmen who saw the revolution in Cuba as an issue appropriate to their own purposes. Chauncey M. DePew of the New York Central Railroad asserted in March, for example, that the United States would own Cuba, and that in general the "United States is too conservative as far as the annexation of property is concerned." Senator John T. Morgan announced that the way to resolve the crisis "is clear to my mind. Cuba should become an American colony." And Senator William Frye seemed almost disappointed by Spain's conciliatory settlement of an early incident involving an American ship. "I had almost hoped that Spain would assume such an arrogant and belligerent tone that it would be necessary for the United States to go over and take possession of Cuba."

Cuban revolutionaries naturally welcomed such militant outcries for action against Spain. They also worked long hours to involve those and other individuals and groups in their cause. Some American businessmen, like August Belmont, gave them direct financial aid. Others, such as American traders and investors involved with Cuban economic affairs, supported them with public as well as private approval. Following the lead of the Cigar Maker's Union headed by Samuel Gompers, who wanted the revolution to succeed so that the American unions could organize (and thus influence) the competition, various elements of the labor movement also responded to the Cuban campaign for support. As with the labor movement, so with the others —humanitarian concerns coincided with (and reinforced) direct and general economic considerations.

In addition, the Cuban revolutionaries and their allies were aided and abetted by the newspapers (and magazines) of the country. This occurred in several ways. The newspapers spread the word about the activities of the coalition in favor of the revolution. The papers also carried stories prepared by the rebels and their associates. The newspapers also printed as news the remarks of public figures in discussing the Cuban situation. And, finally, the papers themselves—as entrepreneurs and public commentators—emphasized the Cuban situation per se.

This latter consideration has led to a general misunderstanding about the role of the press in the coming of the Spanish-American War. For, contrary to the common opinion, it was not just the "Yellow Press" of William R. Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer that handled the Cuban news in an exaggerated and livid manner. *Most newspapers presented the story in a way that left the reader misinformed, excited and worried, and in a way that increasingly emphasized the idea that the United States ought surely to do something about the situation.* As a matter of record, Hearst did not

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take active control of *The New York Journal* until November 6, 1895, and hence had no significant causative relationship with the first wave of agitation.

All of this activity created, by the fall of 1895, a series of highly organized pro-rebel meetings in Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Cleveland and elsewhere. By that time, moreover, such Midwestern leaders as John Peter Altgeld were calling for American intervention and even the annexation of the island. Finally, during March and April, 1896, the campaign and its attendant agitation culminated in the passage by the Congress of a resolution favoring recognition of the rebels as belligerents.

So much for the nature and the results of the first phase of the badgering of the government over Cuba in the 1890s. It was a carefully conceived and organized effort. The expansionist, imperial outlook of key American participants was revealed both directly and indirectly. Representative Gillett of Massachusetts finally grew weary of the elaborate sophistries offered during the debate in the Congress. "I do not especially object to ambition for aggrandizement," he admitted, "but I think if the United States is going to be actuated by ambition she ought to say so, and not say she is actuated by philanthropy. I think hypocrisy is a vastly worse vice than ambition or greed of territory." Actually, of course, Gillette was, in general, drawing too precise a line. Most imperialists believed that an American empire would be humanitarian, and most humanitarians believed that doing good would be good for business.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge nicely revealed this marriage of economics and ideals. Lodge was an avowed imperialist who worked closely with the Cuban revolutionaries, even though he did not think they could govern Cuba satisfactorily once the island was pried loose from Spain:

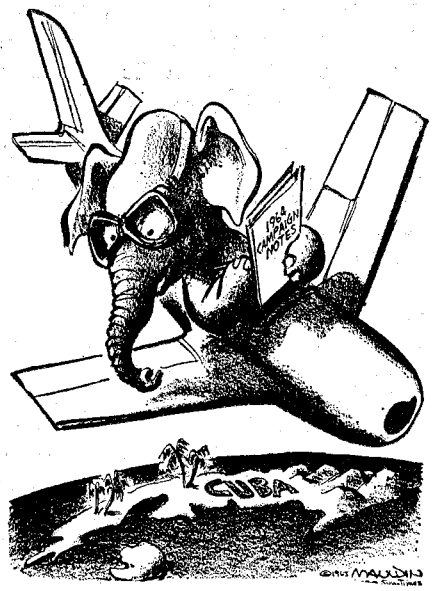
> *Our immediate pecuniary interests in the island are very great. They are being destroyed. Free Cuba would mean a great market for the United States; it would mean an opportunity for American capital invited there by signal exemptions; it would mean an opportunity for the development of that splendid island. . . . But we have also a broader political interest in the fate of Cuba. . . . She lies right athwart the line which leads to the Nicaraguan Canal. . . . But Mr. President, I am prepared to put our duty on a higher ground than either of those, and that is the broad ground of a common humanity.*

Neither President Grover Cleveland nor Secretary of State Richard Olney panicked in the face of this militant badgering. They refused to be stampeded into any public rhetoric or overt action that would increase the tension or lead to war. They disassociated themselves from the rebel campaign in the United States, told the American people that "the plain duty of their Government is to observe in good faith the recognized obligation of international relationships," announced their desire "to restore peace and order" in Cuba under Spanish sovereignty, and ignored the Congressional pro-rebel resolution.

To this significant extent, that is to say, Cleveland and Olney followed Goldwater's injunction against being badgered into action against their definition of "the best interests of the nation." In the broader sense, however, the Cleveland administration's foreign policy was based on assumptions, and had a direction and momentum, that implicitly pointed toward ultimate intervention in Cuba.

For one thing, Cleveland and his advisers were significantly affected by the increasing tendency of Americans to explain the depression they were then suffering in terms of overproduction—a glut, as it was called—rather than as simply the result of difficulties with and within the monetary system. Cleveland revealed in almost classic form the way in which these two big ideas were exchanging their relative roles in American thinking: one can almost see the process momentarily frozen in one sentence in his Annual Message of 1895 (a speech, moreover, in which he stood firm against the badgering of the jingoes). It was a time, he explained, "when the interests of our people and the needs of the country give especial prominence to the condition of our foreign relations and the exigencies of our national finances."

Along with many others, Cleveland looked to foreign markets as the sponge to soak up the surplus and thereby insure prosperity and



Low-Level Reconnaissance

the public peace. Even before Cuba became an issue, moreover, he had intervened in Brazil with the Navy to protect American trade by opposing revolutionaries who did not want to become too dependent on American goods. He had also warned that the Sino-Japanese War was a matter of the "gravest concern" because of American commercial interests in Asia. It was in this context, furthermore, that he left Americans in control of Hawaii, even though he declined to annex the islands. And his concern lest Great Britain take control of the key commercial geography of Venezuela had played an important part in his militant stand over the boundary dispute between those two countries. This vigor led Cleveland, on December 17, 1895, to assert America's right and intention to draw the frontier as it saw fit.

This kind of diplomacy had two significant consequences in the context of the Cuban revolution. On the one hand, it encouraged the more cautious expansionists in the feeling that the United States could attain its objectives without recourse to war. This in turn generated a degree of involvement with those goals that ultimately led many such conservatives to favor war when that seemed to have become the only effective means available. They went to war reluctantly, but they nevertheless went. On the other hand, and more immediately relevant to the situation in December, 1895, Cleveland's public militance toward Great Britain in Latin

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America unquestionably reinforced the general enthusiasm for expansion—and the specific agitation over Cuba that he at the same time opposed. What was happening, in short, was that the administration's own definition of "the best interests of the nation" was taking it in the very direction desired by those who were badgering it.

By the time the Congress passed its April, 1896, resolution to recognize the belligerency of the rebels, Secretary of State Olney had already told Spain that the United States wanted and expected "the prompt and permanent pacification" of Cuba. American ideals and interests were being violated, and effective action was imperative. And, though Olney wanted Spain to do the job and thereby "prevent all thought of intervention by rendering it unnecessary," he nevertheless formally raised the specter of intervention and indicated that the United States thought the rebels should be given "all such rights and powers of local self-government as they can reasonably ask." Not only had American officials thus placed the Cuban crisis in a broad context of American overseas economic expansion, but they had initiated the always risky business of telling other nations how to handle their own affairs.

One could argue, of course, that the Cleveland administration took this action in response to the campaign to recognize the belligerency of the rebels, and kept it quiet to avoid appearing weak. Let us grant the possibility: the first point to notice is that the Cleveland administration responded to the pressure within its own expansionist framework. Even more important, the Cleveland administration maintained its position *even though the issue of Cuba was all but ignored in the Presidential campaign of 1896, and even though the agitation in support of the rebels failed to return to its early* (1895) *levels before Cleveland left office.* At the end of his term, Cleveland again called for "the pacification of the island" for reasons "by no means of a wholly sentimental or philanthropic character," and warned explicitly that "it cannot be reasonably assumed that the hitherto expectant attitude of the United States will be indefinitely maintained." And, in one of the more interesting mysteries of the whole affair, Cleveland did not remove Fitzhugh Lee from his position as American consul in Havana even though the President had come to the conclusion that Lee was a ring leader of the American group that wanted to pacify Cuba by armed intervention.

By the time that President William McKinley had organized his new administration, the public at large was again becoming agitated over Cuba. This time, in 1897, Hearst and Pulitzer played a more significant role. Their newspapers lied, invented news and distorted true information. Both men admitted their interest in whipping up support for militant and military action. It was irresponsible journalism at its classic worst. But many, many other newspapers handled the news in an essentially similar fashion. To blame Hearst and Pulitzer for the war is to miss the point—even about the role that the press played.

The heart of the matter really lies in the way McKinley defined "the best interests of the nation." There are, after all, a good many ways that a President can respond to the pressure exerted upon him: he can scoot out in front and begin to clear the way; he can acquiesce with varying degrees of reluctance; or he can remain adamant. There is no iron law of politics, or of inevitability, that applies in such cases.

With McKinley, several aspects of his conception of the "best interests" seem crucial to an understanding of the decision to go to war to pacify Cuba. In the first place, McKinley and many influential Republican leaders defined overseas economic expansion as the key to American prosperity. These men were not primarily motivated by a desire for personal profit (and certainly McKinley himself was not). They had simply come to believe that the American economic *system* depended upon such expansion for its health and vigor.

Next, McKinley increasingly saw the continuing Cuban revolution as *the* factor around which both his foreign and his domestic program revolved. He became ever more convinced that he *had* to pacify Cuba in order to accomplish anything. He bluntly told Spain on July 16, 1897, that Spain's failure to pacify Cuba delayed "the condition of prosperity to which this country is entitled." Those few words are very probably the key to the whole story. Spain was being saddled with the responsibility for doing what the United States specified it should do on the grounds that past and present failure to do so had forestalled the prosperity to which the United States was "entitled."

Finally, these two considerations merged in the minds of an increasing number of American leaders with the idea of pacifying Cuba and at the same time gaining a strategic foothold in the Philippines for the battle of the Asian market. All the details of this development, and its role in the decision for war, are not clear. It is doubtful that they ever will be, or that the puzzle will be completely worked out. The point is *not* that there was a conspiracy. Poor old Theodore Roosevelt has been too long blamed for usurping the authority to order Admiral Dewey to prepare to take Manila. He did, it is true, send that directive (and a few other complementary ones) one afternoon when the Secretary of the Navy was absent from his office. But his actions became known the next day, *and none of his superiors countermanded the order.* In any event, Roosevelt and others had discussed the taking of the Philippines with McKinley at least as early as September, 1897.

The point is not so much the degree to which McKinley and his associates decided to go to war to pacify Cuba *in order to* control the Philippines, although that drift in their thinking seems undeniable. The central consideration is instead the way that McKinley's own definition of "the best interests of the nation" ultimately led him to choose war as the instrument of pacifying Cuba and also to use that same instrument as a means of forwarding the broad objective of the expansion of the American export trade with Asia. McKinley did not intend in April, 1898, to take formal possession of all of the Philippines, but he did intend to establish an American base of operations in the islands.

McKinley's definition of "the best interests of the nation" did not prompt him to fight the jingoes through a sustained and candid appeal to the American people, or to

(Continued on page 236)

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Fiction: Some Forms Offshore

Hortense Calisher

Honest book-talk between good novelists is rare in this country, but I have heard it. Never, of course, at those cannibal parties where living reputations are masticated slowly. Never when the police are present, though the critic when among writers is often allowed to keep his illusion that he is one of the gang. Yet, the kind of master-joiner, atelier talk that every workman craves, so improbable where words themselves are the tools, does occur—seldom where the occasion is set up for it, but rather where most important conversation does go on: in the humble interstices of the kitchen, the garden, the moment before leaving, or at the tag-end of wine. It may happen that an old practitioner is moved to expression by the rapt faces of the young, in turn freeing the wary middle-aged coevals to add their suddenly earnest hum to his Om. What is heard then is never literally useful, though books may be examined at their joinings in an air of agreement that might surprise. Rather, an attitude is communicated: that confrere devotion which is priceless only to those who already have it, plus a sense, returned once again to the lone workman, of the enormous freedom in which any book exists to be made. I am always wistful that the general reader does not know of this—or of the absolute absence, in these out-of-print conversations, of the great clichés familiar to him from any book-review page.

Of the three classic thumpers which at once lumber masterfully on the page—Form, Style and the Death of the Novel—the last is junked daily by the number statistically arriving, obit already in hand, if you will, but that is the way all human manifest arrives. Such pronouncements, for any art, indeed signify only the temper of the men who voice them; in the case of the novel, those who are sick to death of their own, anybody's, prose. If I were to hear a good novelist so predict, I should at once suspect that he was writing a play or had been asked to do a film, but in fact I have never heard one give the matter two minutes of his time.

Why should he? A Form, in order to die, must first be seen as one, some giant fixed category of Dragon or Dea wandering the Parnassian hill, or at the very least—since the Platonic concept degenerates easily on the book-review page—some giant Pastry Tube. But the novelist, like any artist, never sees Form capitalized, as something he must accommodate to; all he dares or wants to see is the particular *form*, strict unto itself and for this visitation only, of what he is trying to tether that much nearer the ground. Others may say afterward whether he has got hold of a balloon or a trapezium, or, if he has done exceptionally well, some as yet unclassifiable shape, for the moment his alone. To report on the nature of this is in the range of honorable criticism, for which the word "style" may be a semantic necessity. It is no more than a synonym for *his* way—whereas a Style is perceived as entirely separable from meaning, a giant Shoe wandering that hill again, of which an author keeps various replicas (heavy-duty, soaring), or one contoured only to him; or in these barefoot days is most praised for having none at all.

Read, then, this dictum on Nadine Gordimer's *Occasion for Loving*, an exquisitely non-fustian account of a love affair which crosses the South Africa color bar, narrated mainly through the sensibility of an old woman observer, who in turn is regarding both her own submerged past and the marvelously reported currents of her domestic present: "This author has received high praise . . . but may be facing a crisis of material. Upon what themes is she going to lavish her fine craftsmanship?" Here we find Style visualized as the Bag, author on safari for subject, crouching in the shallows with her fine seine. If so, Miss Gordimer has bagged plenty. Her powerful orientation to place here makes of her people those transparencies which exactly suit what she's after; the anguished landscape rises through people made of veiling, prevented from being people in the full. This *is* her subject.

Miss Gordimer's sin is that she has not used the correct Form for serious social theme. She writes, however wonderfully, only in those shades of feeling which lie between the absolutes, always in grave key, of "specialized, esoteric people and situations" (i.e., individual ones), taking the ignoble where it comes; whereas everyone knows that subject Racial Conflict demands Absolutes of Feeling declaimed on the Heights of a Wide Canvas, the characters being those Noble Antitheses through which the *problem* can be seen in theological purity. "The trouble is, the doubly adulterous affair presented here is not one that could lay claim to dignity or interest if both parties were of the same race." The trouble is that this is not a "liberal" novel, but a beautifully modulated one, drawn from the polyhedron puzzle-shapes of life.

With Lucette Finas' *The Faithful Shepherd*, the process now reverses itself, to a fond recognition of a Form still daintily tailored in France but vanished here, now that we import only from the larger couturiers. A trim cockleshell of a book which I might have tipped to sooner in its own proper Tauchnitz-descended cover, it floated toward me on its blurb: "She didn't really 'care for Jews', she said, and this disastrous chance remark sets a Parisian marriage on the funny, touching . . . course to chaos. For Armand . . . an exponent of rationality . . . goes to the most ridiculous lengths to persuade her to take back her words." Yes. Precisely. The little form, endearing or despised, as it takes you, modernized as to premise

Nadine Gordimer. *Occasion for Loving*. Viking. $5.

Lucette Finas. *The Faithful Shepherd*. Pantheon. $4.50.

Marguerite Duras. *10:30 on a Summer Night*. Grove. $2.95.

James Hanley. *Say Nothing*. Horizon. $3.95.

Raja Rao. *The Serpent and the Rope*. Pantheon. $5.95.

Günter Grass. *The Tin Drum*. Pantheon. $6.95.

Hans Hellmut Kirst. *The Officer Factory*. Doubleday. $6.50.

Hortense Calisher's new novel, Textures of Life, *will be published by Little, Brown in April. Her earlier books are* False Entry *and* Tale for the Mirror *(both Little, Brown).*

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but conceivable only within the logical frivolity of its native esprit—that French novel which wasn't *about* sofas but was to be read on them, to the regular rhythm of a hand dipping a box of chocolates (or at least a pair of Jesuits playing chess with chocolate pawns)—in which one may still read such a sentence as "If you took away my faith in my good faith, you would destroy my spirit and I wouldn't be able to love you any more." Mlle. Finas teaches at Grenoble, in a *lycée*.

In contrast, Margaret Duras' *10:30 on a Summer Night*, like her even skinnier *Moderato Cantabile* (from the creator of the moving *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*) is an indulgence for no one but the author, in tone exactly that of a French grade B scenario which, if you've never seen one, is well described by a refrain two friends of mine used to chant whenever they heard the word "vivid" applied either to people or to books like these: "Ah *yes!*" they would cry, in sympathetic alternation, "So-o vivid, so fervid, so avid, so . . . *turgid.*" Miss Duras is monstrously every one of them, able to make even simplicity chi-chi, dropping sentences like "She sang," a fatal plunk away from "Jesus wept"; heavy on the cakewalk habit of reiterating a name for the intimate mystery at once accruing: "Wait, wait Roderigo Paestra. Wait a little longer, I'm going down, I'm coming to you. Who knows, Roderigo Paestra?" She has invented repetition and has discovered the motif—for literature, that is. P. 21: "in this surging warmth of the streets after showers . . . Claire . . . your eyes at that very moment were the very color of rain. How could I have noticed it before? Your eyes, Claire, are gray." And p. 26: "Your eyes were the color of your fear in the afternoon, the color of rain at that very moment, Claire, your eyes, I could hardly see them, how could I have noticed before, your eyes must be gray."

Again for literature, she discovers the visual in the very act of debasing it by means peculiarly indescribable though analogies may occur to you—it has to be seen. This is all she shares with a much superior trickster like Robbe-Grillet. Intellectually, the level is—I mean, the pictures remind you—of far more robust entertainers like Marie Corelli, or Ouida. With fine writers like Claude Simon or Sarraute she has nothing in common except the *nouvelle vague* label, and is of no serious interest—except as the re-

William Carlos Williams

Denise Levertov

William Carlos Williams has left more for us than we realize. Even those — an increasing number in recent years — who love his work are often curiously unfamiliar with it; not because they have not troubled to read it well, but because of its inner abundance and intrinsic freshness. One is forever coming across something new on pages one thought one had known long since. It is as if his poems were plants, changing with the seasons, budding and blossoming over and over.

Of asphodel, that greeny flower . . .

And this is timelessness.

But he has given us also a great gift within time: that is to say, his historical importance is, above all, that more than anyone else he made available to us the whole range of the language, he showed us the rhythms of speech *as poetry* —the rhythms and idioms not only of what we say aloud but of what we say *in our thoughts*. It is a mistake to suppose that Williams' insistence on "the American idiom" ever implied a reduction; on the contrary, it means the recognition of wide resources. Williams' poems, God knows, are not written in "the speech of Polish mothers": but he demonstrated that the poem could (and in some sense must) encompass that speech. Only a poetry with its roots in the language *as it is used* can be free to explore and reclaim all those levels that otherwise become "only literature." Only a poetry freed from rhythmic patterns that had become habitual and inapt can discover the rhythms of our experience. He cleared ground, he gave us tools.

When I first met Dr. Williams about twelve years ago he had already had a serious stroke. Over the years I used to say to myself each time I went to Rutherford, "He's old and frail; this may be the last time you will see him." And each time he would astonish me again with his vitality, his shrewd humor, his undeviating, illuminating attention to what concerned him—the poem, the poem. This passionate concern flamed up out of his frailness and made one forget it. Always I left his house in a state of exhilaration. Except for the last time of all, a few weeks ago, when his tongue could no longer find the words he needed for the ideas one could see in his eyes, and he kept giving up in mid-sentence, sad and baffled. Yet even then, vague as he had become about many things, there remained that eagerness to hear a new poem, that acute, *distinguishing* listening. Concerning dates and events he was more confused that day than I had ever seen him, but poetry remained in pristine focus.

I have always felt that all of his works—the tremendous output of poems, plays, essays, stories, letters, novels—were to an unusual degree parts of a whole, complete though each was in itself. This is perhaps one of the marks of a great writer. The shorter poems in particular partake, in their multiplicity, of this unity that is meant by Arnold's term, "criticism of life": when we see them in relation to one another, each separate poem, though it had given us of itself before, begins to release more levels of meaning than we realized when we read it in isolation.

Working always toward an order, a measure consonant with his time, it was in old age, with a body of work already done that would have appeased the demon of a lesser man, that he arrived at his greatest poems—those in *The Desert Music* (1954) and *Journey to Love* (1955). Is there a human joy deeper than the joy of being made aware that another human being has *gone on* developing?

It's a strange courage
you give me, ancient star:

Shine alone in the sunrise
toward which you lend no part!

The name of the poem is "El Hombre"; a poem that speaks across many decades, brief as it is, to "The Ivy Crown" and the long majestic "Asphodel, That Greeny Flower" with which *Journey to Love* culminates.

It was a culmination, but what followed was not a deterioration; rather, in the last book of *Paterson*, the movement of a wave withdrawing, a part of the same rhythm.

And at the very last—in the poems collected last year as *Pictures from Breughel*—he gave us, when he could hardly speak, could no longer read to himself, typed with one hand with great difficulty—a sheaf of flowers, fresh flowers of a new, ancient spring. This one, which itself speaks of a flower, was among them:

The rose fades
and is renewed again
by its seed, naturally
but where

save in the poem
shall it go
to suffer no diminution
of its splendor

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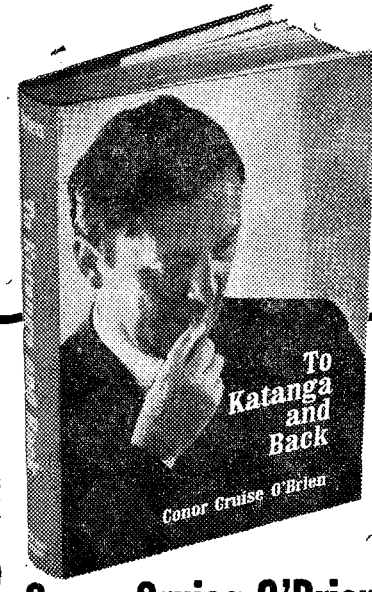
cent interpenetration of film with prose gives us this spectacle of a writer who so misunderstands the immediacy of words and yet has the proud air of saying, in her every painful, glottal line, "*Hup* for prose!" Well, *hup*.

Come to another realm now, or back. *Say Nothing*, a small book too, by the British writer James Hanley, in its terseness could be French, and markedly reminds one of *No Exit*—change its four-character tension to one house in a north-of-England industrial town, era probably ours, though it has a persistent nineteenth-century aura. I have read only one other of the books Hanley has been writing since about 1939 at the rate of sometimes more than one a year (one of the several in his chronicle of the Fury family), and though that one was a sprawling book rather than an intense one, it had that aura also. It is perhaps partly the reason he remains almost unknown here, despite praise over the years by everyone from Forster to Powys to Bowen, Henry Green to Herbert Read to C. P. Snow. Even if I ever paraphrased the story of a book, I should leave this one to break upon you in all its own tension, saying only that it's a lodger's story, with all the mystery this might touch for you. An extraordinary book, best read along with someone else with whom you can discuss it as you will wish to, and even its odd flavor of having arrived somewhat late on the scene will not keep me from seeking out his others.

If Raja Rao's *The Serpent and the Rope* has a shape of its own, it is one altogether outside the duality of the Western mind. Such is both the intent and fascination of this first-person narration of a Hindu-French marriage in terms of the metaphysical quest on both sides. As one travels with it from France to India on its various threads of time-place description, seeing the persona at both the inner and the impersonal distance, participating in talk-reflection which ranges, with a scholar's emotion, from Judao-Christian ethic through all Vedanta lore, one is brilliantly seduced away from the *a priori* Western world into an Indian one that seems far more natural. Insights on both reverberate: "Affection is just a spot in the geography of the mind. . . . Women are great hiders of the unsayable; their gossip is only their own sorrow turned downside up. . . . We all seek an exterior point for ourselves—a party, a teacher, a father, a confessor—but in India, with our joint-family system, it has become a pyramid of many different shapes of a triangle, and we equalize one another's vagaries with our own steadiness." But the ultimate sensation left by the book is deeper than instruction, and far and away from the fashion for such angularly repellent mimicry as Hesse's *Siddhartha* or even Mann's *Transposed Heads*. Rao's talent is to lead you as the two-dimensional creature was led in the mathematician Edwin Abbott's *Flatland*, into another dimension altogether, there to seat you, as you grow more Indian, at the round table of yourself.

Meanwhile, the Germans have sent us, via the half-Polish Danzig in which Günter Grass was born, such a declension of the horrors of the West as has not been heard there at such virtuoso length since Céline; against this *Totentanz*, Genet is a monody, Beckett a lilt, and its own antecedents in post-World War I German *Angst* seem merely beginner's grotesque. Oskar, who "drums" the forty-five episodes of *The Tin Drum*, is both a *wunderkind* hero—Gargantua in reverse, conscious from the cradle, under resolve not to grow since age four, able to break the glass windows of the Stadt-Theatre with his high-decibel scream—and the adult Oskar, "drumming" up his past life in a mental hospital. Oskar's childish mentors are Rasputin and Goethe, dual medal-face of the German psyche; his environment, marvelously seized in dry-retch, serio-comic monologue, is that lower-middle-class German *Kitsch* in which women in decayed nightgowns, children making excrement soup, are scarcely caricature or allegory—merely that cosying up to filth by which a cleanliness-obsessed country has always satisfied its pre-occupation with the funkiness of humanity.

The allegory of *The Tin Drum* is nothing to rouse the obscurantists; each episode has at least one thematic center, and cues abound, from such ditties as "the trend is toward the bourgeois-smug" to "Have you ever seen a rostrum from behind? All men and women . . . should be familiarized with the rear view of a rostrum before being called upon to gather in front of one. . . . Pretty much the same applies to rear views of church altars" to "among all those who go in for politics your incorrigible partisan, who undermines what he has just set up, is closest to the artist because he consistently rejects what



Conor Cruise O'Brien has written an angry, eloquent book about the UN adventure in Katanga

His resignation from the UN over the Katanga crisis made international headlines in 1961. His explosively frank opinions on the UN action, on Hammarskjold, on the positions taken by the United States, Britain, Belgium are given in *To Katanga and Back*. Just published and already topic of hot debate. First tributes from England:

"Does it throw light on what really happened? A great deal. It is the self-examination of a man in a key position of authority for whom everything suddenly went wrong. In my opinion, his was an honourable failure; a good deal more honourable than the official British role of supporting U.N. resolutions verbally, but undermining their effectiveness behind the scenes."—*The Observer*

"Compellingly readable."
—*The Economist*

"Fascinating"—*The Spectator*

"A remarkable contribution to historical literature. A moving work."—*The New Statesman*

TO KATANGA AND BACK

$5.95. Simon and Schuster

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he has just created." Like much picaresque narrative, it seems to share in the generalized energy of that oral-descended tradition and in its typical circularity and padding, so that many and any antecedents, from Gogol to Candide to Munchausen to Krull, come to mind. Eminently it is derived from that long list of German plays and novels through which we have been asked, recently and historically, to suffer the recrudescence of *their* ideals. Such a book is Hans Hellmut Kirst's *The Officer Factory* (by the author of the Gunnar Asch trilogy)—a popular purgative, Kafka syruped with some *Caine Mutiny*, which is dedicated, in caps: IN MEMORY OF THE BETRAYED GENERATION AND AS A WARNING TO THE YOUTH OF TODAY. Mark well that "betrayed." If Oskar is *The Tin Drum's* only "lost innocent," then we have to mark as well how Nuremberg in drawing he himself still is, and to ask whether Germans can ever draw "the good" without tatters of the cartoon. But Grass's disgust syndrome has the stature of an artist's, and line by line, in a superb translation by Richard Manheim, it is a book full of many wonders—it is literature.

An Army Up in Arms

THE FRENCH ARMY: A MILITARY-POLITICAL HISTORY. By Paul-Marie de la Gorce. Translated by Kenneth Douglas. George Braziller. 568 pp. $10.

DARE CALL IT TREASON. By Richard M. Watt. Simon & Schuster. 344 pp. $5.95.

David Thomson

The development of Europe in this century cannot be understood apart from an interplay of war and revolution. Sometimes, as in Russia in 1917 or Italy in 1922, war breeds revolution; at others, as in Germany of the '30s or Algeria of the '50s, revolution breeds war. In either case the role of the army is an inseparable component of national history, political and social; for in losing or winning either wars or revolutions an army is the decisive element.

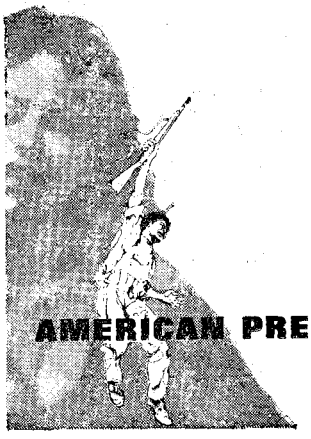
This being so, it is remarkable that few who try to interpret the politics and sociology of France's twentieth-century republics have closely correlated their military and political histories. M. de la Gorce has shown, triumphantly, both how well this can be done and how much illumination comes from doing it. His study of the role of the French Army as a force in French politics from 1870 to 1962 is a model of historical integration and interpretation; it is also an exciting, thought-provoking study in the psychology of a modern nation enduring war and revolution. Its author has a subtle ingenuity that misses no undertones or side issues, yet holds firm to its central theme.

Before the Dreyfus Case of the '90s, the Army was separated from the nation by a social cleavage. Few men from the traditional aristocracy and the conservative, Catholic bourgeoisie went into national politics, but plenty went into the Army and Navy. Their loyalty lay to the State, not to the Republic: a refined distinction that could, and did, lead generals and colonels to a mood of hostility to the civil authority that was aggravated (but not caused) by the Dreyfus turmoil. In 1914, after a decade of strikes and industrial unrest in which parliamentary governments had not hesitated to use troops against strikers, the Army was still more bitterly estranged from the workers. World War I brought notorious conflicts between politicians and generals, though the amazing national solidarity of the French masses overcame even these traditional animosities.

Here Richard Watt's explanation of the mutinies of 1917 offers further illumination. He explains, with a rare clarity and precision, the ordeal of the French troops that took the first shock of the German attack according to the Schlieffen Plan. The crisis caused a virtual capitulation of the civil authority to the military. "Thus it happened that the politicians of France, who had not really trusted their Army, who had always regarded it as a hotbed of latent anti-republicanism, unhesitatingly gave themselves and the nation into the Army's hands." By declaring a state of siege throughout France, President Poincaré gave the Army power over all.

The generals immediately showed

David Thomson, lecturer in history at Cambridge University, is the author of Europe Since Napoleon *(Knopf),* Democracy in France *(Oxford),* England in the Nineteenth Century *(Penguin) and other works.*



THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES

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"THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES" is likely to be the most talked about Italian production since "La Dolce Vita." —United Press International

"THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES" directed by Nanni Loy, does for Naples what Rossellini's "Open City" did for Rome. This is one of the best Italian films of the year and one of the best war films ever made." —London Times

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themselves to be so stupid and incompetent, even as generals, and so absurdly committed to a theory of warfare which the first month of war discredited, that they inflicted on France losses of life and disorganization that still leave the reader gasping. It was *système D*—the faith in muddling through—not the High Command of Joffre or Nivelle, that governed France. When, at last, the troops were so exasperated by futile slaughter, appalling medical services and bad administration that an epidemic of mutinies broke out in 1917, the only cause for surprise was that this had not happened sooner. It was General Pétain, hero of Verdun because he had applied good sense and intelligence to a theory of strategy, who had to quell the mutinies. He succeeded with a skill and promptness that added greatly to his repute.

In 1940, when war brought both defeat and revolution, it was to Pétain again that a nerveless National Assembly surrendered power. But this time a young officer who had formerly adulated Pétain mutinied, and Charles de Gaulle flew to London to reconstitute the French Army as the "Fighting French." The Third Republic, like both its predecessors, ended with a surrender of power—abdication to a military dictator, who survived at Vichy till 1944.

Only eighteen years later, when revolution in Algeria had bred war, and war in turn fostered revolution in France, it was the turn of Charles de Gaulle to receive, from the trembling hands of civilian authority, the commission to end the war and reshape the Constitution. In this oddly repetitive way the Fourth Republic, too, abdicated power to a general.

No other Western European country in this century has displayed quite so persistent a proclivity to submerge civil in military power. Why should this tendency be so strong in France—the pioneer of republican democracy in Europe? M. de la Gorce's fascinating story gives a clue. An army lives by its myths. After 1870, the French Army lived by the myth of revenge, which led it to take political action against any republican or Socialist movement which it believed weakened the urge for retaliation on Germany. Between the wars it lived on the myth of anti-communism, generated in the war of intervention in 1919 and strengthened by Fascist agitations against the Popular Front. After 1945, fighting in Indochina and Algeria, it clung to the same myth of resistance to communism. It was led into political action, in 1958, by blind adherence to this myth.

Since the Evian agreements of 1962 it lacks any suitable myth. Between the violence of the O.A.S. at one extreme, the regrets of the younger officers for the end of the social work they were doing in Algeria at the other extreme, there exists a spiritual vacuum. President de Gaulle knows he must fill this vacuum if he is to hold his Army's loyalty. What better than the modern myth of an independent system of defense, a nuclear deterrent of its own? M. de la Gorce does not draw this last inference: but is it not the logical inference from the whole story which he has told so brilliantly?

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

The sudden reinvolvement of composers and performers in each other's concerns and activities has been one of the most interesting developments in postwar music. During the first half of the century, their progressive alienation seemed to have become a permanently inescapable fact of musical life, and the performance of new music was mainly notable for its absence or hopeless inadequacy. The consequences of such a situation for composers were especially serious because most of the important works of the time embodied new concepts of structure whose perceptual significance and validity could be established, ultimately, only through accurate performance. As a result of the frustrating ignorance and indifference with which they were confronted, composers were forced into a paradoxical position: on the one hand, they asserted the essential superfluity of the performer's "interpretive" role; on the other, they found it necessary to increase the technical demands of their works to match the growth of their ideas, and thus became even more in need of the performer's "executive" participation.

But just when the availability of electronic instruments had finally suggested one resolution of this di-

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lemma, by building completely correlated performance directly into the compositional act and thus circumventing the performer entirely, there began to appear—perhaps in response to the very prospect of eventual loss of function—a new kind of performer who not only had mastered the technique and vocabulary of "classic" twentieth-century music as a matter of course, but also seemed ready to devote himself to the conquest of the most challenging new music. In response, even those composers whose predilections almost demanded the precise control of complex relationships obtainable only with electronic resources found themselves drawn to re-examine the possibilities still latent in "live" performance. Milton Babbitt, for example, has become as closely associated with Bethany Beardslee and Robert Helps as with the RCA Music Synthesizer, and has produced instrumental, instrumental-vocal and vocal-electronic works closely related to his purely synthesized music.

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At the same time, the existence of electronic media had far-reaching implications for "non-electronic" composers: the necessity, when composing electronically, to generate each sound in terms of its acoustical components, all of which were previously available automatically by the mere specification of an instrument, brought about for all music a fundamental revision of every assumption about musical sound, articulation and combination. Evidently, when we innocently say "oboe" or "violin," we invoke the confluence of a large number of complex and dynamic physical, physiological and psychological factors (for example, so many physical characteristics of a low oboe note are different from those of a high one that it is difficult to determine why we hear both notes as part of the same "tone color" complex). A similarly thoroughgoing inquiry into the "presentational" implications of performed music, "virtuosity," the ensemble situation, the concerto idea, *etc.*, became the basis for entire developments of personal approaches to structure and style, most notably in the works written since 1945 by Elliott Carter.

And even the characteristic "performance technique" of much electronic music, that effortless rattling off of streams of brightly separate pitches in lightning-quick and prismatically varying succession (a sound that is supposed, by the usual prophets of doom, to signify complete "dehumanization") has so delighted many composers of instrumental music that they have tried to achieve an analogous texture, and have dared their performers to compete, like John Henry, with the indefatigable machine. Carter's most recent works, particularly the *Double Concerto*, are saturated with this idea and draw much of their considerable fascination from it; and the newer music of Stefan Wolpe (as well as of such younger composers as Robert Erickson, Roger Reynolds and Charles Wuorinen) seems almost a literal attempt to compose electronic music "live."

But the renewed vitality of both performance and composition that has resulted from this interaction is of a very different order from the spectacular radicalism of the European Darmstadt school (a number of whose recorded works are listed at the end of this column). On the surface, their approach seems merely a more complete exploitation of a similar *rapprochement*, in which the performer is actually given an active role in the determination of the nature of new music. To begin with, this entails the development of a whole arsenal of novel sound materials and articulative devices, along with remarkable agility in their production in any number and combination, at any speed; these resources are then incorporated by composers into their works. The most extreme manifestation of this phenomenon is unquestionably the conversion by Severino Gazzeloni of the basically monotonal flute into a veritable one-man band that can produce percussive sounds (by key-tapping), glissandos, a range of sound from piercing whistles to barely audible sighs, and u[illegible]table varieties of shakes. [illegible]tter-tonguings, etc[illegible] into bei[illegible]ite w[illegible]

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and it [illegible] with the convention [illegible]o which performers hav[illegible] habituated. Bach's struggle [illegible]scipline his choirboys, Beethoven's rage at the quartet players' "miserable fiddle," Brahms's concerto "against the violin," the "unplayable" chord around which Stravinsky's Violin Concerto is constructed, the "six-fingered violinist" for whom Schönberg admitted to have composed his concerto, and the "unperformable" vocal writing of the Webern Cantatas, are all instances of the broad enlargements of technique brought about by such necessities. But when this situation is reversed, as in the Darmstadt works, the music itself becomes merely a vehicle for more or less dazzling acrobatics which, once heard, have no further interest. Even the fully "composed" works on Gazzeloni's record (including Castiglioni's *Gymel*, Maderna's *Honeyrêves*, and Matsudaira's *Somaksah*) and the composed *Frammento* by Sylvano Bussotti recorded by Cathy Berberian (Gazzeloni's counterpart in a female vocalist), cannot be distinguished from one another except by the extent to which they exploit the virtuosity of the performers. Thus the collaboration that, according to the Darmstadt propagandists, has created an entirely new musical world, actually involves nothing more original than the total (and perhaps cynical)

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capitulation by composers to the performer's ascendancy, and the reduction of the creative function to the status of script-writing or the composition of Baroque concertos.

Given this basic attitude, other aspects of musical life in Darmstadt are entirely predictable, and contrast at every point with the concerns of serious musicians. Their insistence that electronic music should be free of any traditional reference, for example, leads them to generate successions of novel sonorous events among which there is no basis for perceiving real differences or similarities, whereas an electronic work like Babbitt's *Vision and Prayer* actually sounds far more "different," despite its conspicuous avoidance of "new sound," because its differentness is measurable against a traditional frame of reference (a twelve-tone organization in which linear, rhythmic, timbral, dynamic and registral elements are perceptually interrelated).

The Darmstadt lack of concern for perceptibility was evident at the movement's beginning; its "totally controlled" music, ostensibly derived from Webern, was actually formed according to principles of supposed correlation that had nothing to do with either Webern or musical relationship, and the net effect was of total randomness. As a result, the "actual" randomness of Cage's procedures was eagerly adopted, since the same results could be achieved with a fraction of the effort.

And even the works whose "sound" is like Webern soon reveal their obvious failure to understand that Webern's sound arose as a direct consequence of his intense "classicism," his search for the absolute minimum of statement required to produce a discernible form, pursued with a miraculously sensitive instinct for precise choice of pitch and, even more, for precise dimension. To extend such a sound through a conventionally expansive development, as Maderna does in *Serenata* No. 2; or to convert its refined tracery into crude primitivism, as Nono does in *Polifonica-Monodia-Ritmica* (not, it must be admitted, without a certain brutal flair); or to exaggerate all its deliberately understated relationships by converting small, coherent groups of individual pitches articulated by rests into frantic sound-clusters stretching to the outer limits of the audible range, separated by heavy silences, as Castiglioni does in *Tropi*, is simply to insure the indifference of any listener who has already learned, from the music of Schönberg and Webern, to demand real subtlety and coherence within the "atonal" context.

The final abdication of compositional responsibility appears in those works whose very identity is limited to setting up "situations" within which the performers can, in varying degrees, decide what to play. Unfortunately, although such improvisation is undoubtedly intended to compensate for the loss of "newness" after first performances, the usual result is not only that all presumably different performances of a work will sound alike, but that different compositions written for approximately similar instrumental combinations will also sound alike. Thus, despite the description by Stockhausen of his intention in composing *Zyklus* to create a work with "no beginning and no end," the actual result is just about what one would expect to happen from confronting a percussionist with several percussion instruments, and instructions not to play too loudly. This kind of program note, however, seems to be the only domain in which the Darmstadt composer is allowed to assert himself—on the same record sleeve Kagel "explains" that his *Transicion II* deals with the "grammatical problem of how the past, present, and future can be fused in one single declension."

Another self-defeating aspect of "indeterminate" works is that even the "farthest out" players, if left on their own, fall into typical patterns that become less and less interesting as the laxity of instrumental discipline—an inevitable result of performing only this sort of music—progressively undermines technique. And this very restriction of repertory is itself convincing evidence of the unlimited egoism that the Darmstadt "collaboration" encourages in performers, again contrasting directly with the serious young players who try to find a significant relation to the entire musical literature. From the Time recordings listed below, it is apparent that neither Gazzeloni nor Berberian has anything like a superior "normal" sound, or any real ability to function effectively within even a trivially controlled context (such as Messiaen's harmless *Merles Noirs*, weakly performed by Gazzeloni); there is simply no comparison possible here with the skill and musicianship of the Juilliard Quartet, Beardslee and Helps, or the intelligent conducting of Robert Craft, Jacques Monod and Gunther Schuller.

Perhaps the most impressive substantiation of such observations is the way in which the music of Luciano Berio stands out in these surroundings. One is at once aware of the totally different experience of genuine "hearing" that is unmistakable in music organized, however tenuously, on a thread of perceptible idea, and which develops it with even minimal compositional ingenuity. That *Differences*, with its engaging but rather limited interplay between instruments and their own sounds recorded and manipulated, is by far the most interesting work I have heard by a Darmstadt composer, makes it seem especially fortunate that there are other spheres of musical activity from which one can still expect important new music to emerge.

Kagel: *Transicion II*. Stockhausen: *Zyklus. Refrain.* David Tudor, Aloys Kontarsky, pianists; Cristoph Caskel, Bernhard Kontarsky, percussion. Time. S/8001.

Berio: *Differences.* Maderna: Serenata

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No. 2. Nono: *Polifonica—Monidia—Ritmica.* English Chamber Orchestra, Luciano Berio and Bruno Maderna, conds. Time. S/8002.

Berio-Cummings: *Circles.* Bussotti: *Frammento.* Cathy Berberian, voice; Francis Pierre, harp; Jean Pierre Drouet, percussion I; Boris de Vinogradov, percussion II; L. Berio, piano. Time. S/8003.

Castiglioni: *Tropi;* Fellegara: *Serenata.* Keleman: *Etudes Contrapuntiques.* Yun: *Musik für sieben Instrumente.* Hamburger Kammersolisten, Francis Travis, cond. Time. S/8006.

Berio: *Sequenza.* Castiglioni: *Gymel.* Evangelisti: *Proporzioni.* Maderna: *Honeyrêves.* Matsudaira: *Somaksah.* Messiaen: *Merles Noirs.* Severino Gazzeloni, flute. Aloys Kontarsky, piano. Time. S/8008.

(Continued from page 228)

use Spain's last-minute concessions as a dramatic weapon with which to check the momentum toward war. It led him instead to confront Spain with an extremely tough ultimatum demanding the right to decide the extent of Spanish sovereignty in Cuba, to sanction a naval attack on the Philippines that was unnecessary, if not irrelevant, to the pacification of Cuba, and to prepare an army of occupation for the Philippines and to rush it westward across the Pacific even before he had received official and detailed knowledge of the situation in Manila. On balance, therefore, the question of whether McKinley was a courageous politician is not strictly to the point. He would have had to entertain a significantly different conception of "the best interests of the nation" before the issue of courage could have become relevant. He would also have had to be far more of a pacifist than he was.

This review of an ancient episode suggests rather strongly that there is considerably more involved in the question of the badger and the badgered than has been faced either by Senator Goldwater or his critics. These additional considerations can be summarized rather simply, even though the resolution of the problems and responsibilities so defined is anything but easy.

First. The badger cannot evade his responsibility for the consequences of his pressure on those in authority by shifting the burden to his target. This is true in *any* system of politics, but especially so in a system based on institutionalized representative government.

Second. The badgered, in turn, cannot pass the buck back to the badger and thereby escape his responsibility. The definition of the best interests of the nation that is held and acted upon by the badgered is surely just as relevant—if not more so—than the pressure of the badger. The badgered has the responsibility to examine very carefully the implicit and dynamic momentum of his own definition to make sure it will actually produce the results specified in his explicit logic and rhetoric. If it does not meet and pass that ruthless confrontation, then he has the clear responsibility to decide which logic he prefers to follow. In either case, moreover, he has the clear responsibility to explain and defend his position against the badger.

Third. This is by far the hardest and most difficult conclusion involved in the broad problem. This is so because it is but superficially a conclusion. It is actually a question.

In a system of representative government, that is to say, should the badgered give way to the badger who appears to have won majority support even if the policy advocated by the badger leads to war or to other consequences that the badgered considers destructive of the best interests of the nation?

Each of these considerations, but particularly the last two, deserves our very serious and rigorous attention. For there is sufficient evidence to suggest that they have more than mere historical interest.

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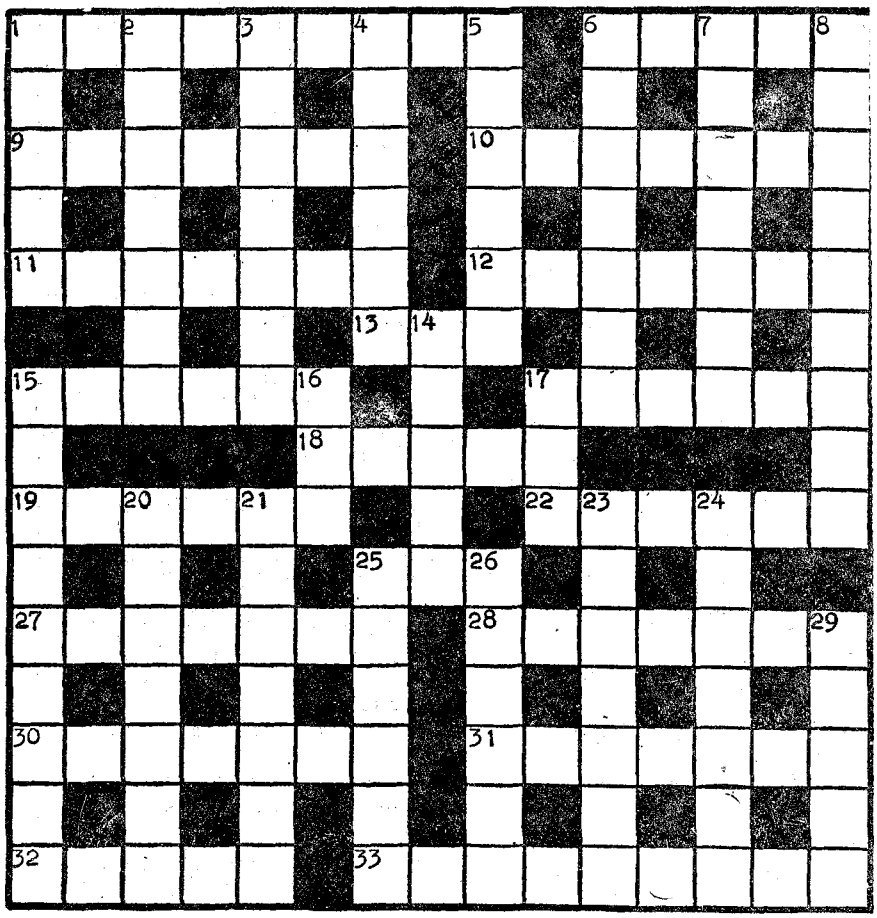
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 15 down. Spanish clipper? (3,6,2,7)
6 Controlled speed. (5)
9 Is there the devil to pay? Quite the opposite, by implication, for the ungodly! (7)
10 Quite a number practice endlessly to act the part of a clinging vine.
11 Undergo transformation, according to what one might deserve.
12 Is this getting close to giving one a ring without dialing the operator? (7)
13 and 1 down. How to observe an object behaving like a boiler? (8)
15 Noised about, but not so likely to be penalized! (6)
17 and 20 down. What the Sheriff of Nottingham tried like fury! (2,4,3,4)
18 Take direction from an old Prime Minister. (5)
19 One of these should be a sure thing for mixing drinks. (3-3)
22 Attic space ready to be returned to us. (6)
25 This sure would get rid of something for a time! (3)
27 What's in a Soviet name? The country is divided. (7)
28 Could one of them be called the seat of government? (7)
30 The real make-up of some footwear? (7)
31 Such a collection of girls is named ready for rehabilitation. (7)
32 The more flowery Pliny? (5)

DOWN:

2 Non-stop show? (7)
3 One can't say such things aren't missed. (7)
4 Principle violations, to a degree, of depressed areas? (6)
5 Neuter form of order, if one considers B should be A. (6)
6 Fish for a measure of capacity with some trouble. (7)
7 Proprietary sign of the automobile owner, if in the red. (7)
8 Take out the sporting crowds, one being representative. (9)
14 and 33 Tantamount to "locking the barn door" at times? (5, 2, 7)
16 Type of 31, ultimately. (3)
17 Article inevitably found in 30. (3)
21 Twain conductor, in the ring or on the range? (7)
23 Where one might hang out, if a stoic? (7)
24 The sound of music in poetry? (7)
25 Yesterday in this, tomorrow a mummy or ashes, according to Marcus Aurelius. (6)
26 What is your age? (6)
29 Is such an issue settled by a little girl, perhaps? (5)

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